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OSCEOLA.

The following letter from Mr. Catlin, was received two days ago. We learn that the writer himself has returned to the city. His description of the captive Chief will be read with interest.

FOUR MOULTRE, Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, Jan. 24, 1838.

DEAR SIR: For the first time since I arrived here, I have a moment of leisure to give you a few lines, descriptive of things and events at this place. Charleston City is about six miles distant, and in full view from the place where I am now writing. Lovely spring would seem to be reigning over it, instead of hoary winter, and her gardens are decked with green foliage and roses.

In Fort Moultrie are the Seminole prisoners of war, 250 in number—chiefs, warriors, women and children, in a motley and miserable group. Osceola, Micanopy, Cloud, Coahajo, and King Philip, are the chiefs; and of them, as of several others, I have already secured the portraits, which I shall bring to New York in a few days.

Mick-e-no-pah, who is the first civil chief of the nation, and was at the commencement of the war the owner of an hundred negroes, is a stately and dignified man, proud of his superabundant flesh, and equally so of his title of "General," as he is familiarly called. This fat dignitary, and also Cloud, and several others, seem tolerably quiescent, and not disposed to grieve away their fat in their present confinement; but there is one restless spirit amongst them of a different caste—one who sits and broods over his nation's calamities with a broken heart, and pines and sickens in an agony which none but himself can know or feel—I mean Osceola, (Powell), or as he and all the other chiefs distinctly pronounce it, As-se-o-la.

From the time I have spent with this Chief, and the familiar interviews I have had with him in conversation, I have been enabled to form a pretty correct notion of the feelings and character, as well as history, of this extraordinary man. A Creek by birth, he left his own tribe whilst a boy, and sought an asylum amongst the Seminoles where he has been reared, and where he has flourished since. His father was a white man, by the name of Powell, who abandoned him and sent him a vagrant upon the world to cater for himself. He soon became a favorite among the Seminoles; and from his force of character and genius alone, he has risen to the highest honors of the nation.

At all the ball plays, and other manly sports, Powell was reputed first in the nation; and his name was changed to As-se-o-la from the fact that he could drink a greater quantity of the "black drink" (called as-se-o-la) which was prepared from some bitter and nauseating herbs, and drank preparatory to the fast and feast of the green corn dance.

From such facts, it appears he is entirely a "self-made man," and one of an extraordinary character, which is conclusively proved by the fact that he is acknowledged and followed by all the chiefs of the nation, as their head war chief. Though he is but a demi-savage in blood, yet he speaks not a word of English; and in his actions and feelings is as perfectly an Indian as any man I ever saw. In stature he is about the middle size, and in his features there is no striking peculiarity to stamp them out of mediocrity, but a pleasing symmetry of proportion, upon which the lights and shadows of passion and feeling are seen to play with perfect effect. There is at times spread over them the most benignant and expressive smiles, even of effeminacy; and, at others, they are darkened with the sternness of a Brutus, or the agony of a dying gladiator. In fact, he is the perfect beau ideal of an Indian prince—graceful in his movements, and mild, almost to childishness, in his intercourse with the world. His hand is small and delicate to the touch as that of a female, and the loveliest of them are continually flocking around him in groups to feel his gentle grasp, and catch the languishing look from his downcast eye—to bestow upon him some beautiful tinsel or plume, and levy upon his raven locks for a small and precious keepsake of As-se-o-la.

I thought at first, like thousands of others who take but a glance at him, that he was effeminate and womanish, but on a little acquaintance and familiarity with him, I became fully convinced, that the true character of this man is not to be learned by the transient visitor, who sees him but a moment, and in that moment a prisoner, withering under a broken spirit, endeavoring to raise a smirk and a smile to meet the gazing world who are flocking to see him. These smiles are soft and beautiful, and are many; but those who, like myself, have heard him pour forth his griefs in the simpering tears of actual childishness, and then instantly rally, and rouse himself into the indignant sternness of the warrior and the hero, will easily see that those smiles are based upon an agony that regularly preys upon his substance. His face is certainly one of the most expressive kind I ever have seen—capable of the most vivid and striking exhibition of the human passions that can possibly be imagined, bearing upon its front the predominant characteristic impress of sternness and reserve, and excessive perseverance in the pursuits of life.

His manner of dress and ornament is such as greatly to interfere with the full development of his true character. His hair is cut close to the head, except a superabundance which is left on the forehead, flowing down to the eyes, and large tufts protruding from his temples in front of his ears, and dropping down near to the clavicle, resembling, or rather in all probability originating (for Indian fashions never change) the present

fashion which the gentlemen of New York are adopting, of cultivating locks over the ears, which might be properly styled "a la Powell." Back of this is passed around his head, with great taste, a richly embroidered handkerchief or shawl, in the form of a Moorish band or a Turkish turban, supporting two or three ostrich plumes, which fall quite back in a horizontal position.

The ancient and native form of dress he still adheres to; the tunic and manteau, the leggings and moccasins; but the approximation of this tribe to civilization has substituted the material of calicoes and fustians in place of skins; so that the base of his dress is of civilized manufacture, but adorned and manufactured according to their own whimsical taste. Silver ear-drops are pendant from his ears—silver breast-plates, in form of crescents, and a profusion of beads and trinkets fall over the breast—a broad and beautifully garrisoned belt crosses his left shoulder, to which is attached his bullet-pouch and horn. Around his waist he wears a blue sash of exquisite workmanship, interwoven with white and blue beads—his garters, which are very broad, and embracing the greater part of the calf of his leg, are of the same material, tightly bandaged over his leggings of scarlet cloth, and his moccasins are of buckskin, ornamented with beads and hawk bills. Such, with his rifle in his hand, and his knife in his belt, (his only weapons) is As-se-o-la, the fallen Prince and Hero of Florida.

I have listened much and faithfully to the narrations of this man, and drawn other information from those who have been longer and more intimately acquainted with him, and I am fully convinced that there is something of the most extraordinary nature in the true character of this man—a something that bears an impress which can never be forgotten or erased. He has a mind of a wonderful construction, calculated to fortify and yet destroy itself—a lurking cunning, capable of gilding with the warmth and glowing pleasantness of sunshine the whirling tempest that is raging in his soul, and even in his mirth and childishness destroying him. He smiles and fawns, and languishes before the gazing world; but in his solitude, or when he tells in confidence his tales of grief, though mild and smiling dew drops moisten his eyes at one moment, yet the burning hero rushes through their sockets at the next—his black brows jet over their balls of fire—his nostrils and his bosom swell with impatience—and his clenched teeth are set in silent oaths of irrefragable revenge. Naturally of a restless and impatient disposition—in his captive interviews with the civilized world he smiles—but in his solitude he grieves and pines with a broken heart. The world who barely see him, shake the hand of a laughing fawn; but those who listen to his griefs as I have done, will see the sternness of a Roman, and in his agony a beautiful statue of Vengeance.

A mind thus organized and enthralled by such circumstances as have fallen to his lot, must soon destroy its tenement. There are elements in such a spirit that wage a deadly war with the body, when thwarted and chained down to a prison—his physical strength is rapidly giving way, and I would be very much surprised if he should survive many months or even weeks in his present confinement, and under his present agony of feeling.

More anon. In great haste,
Respectfully yours, &c.

GEORGE CATLIN.

DR. DAVID HOSACK TO WILLIAM COLEMAN.

DUEL BETWEEN BURR AND HAMILTON.

August 17, 1804.

DEAR SIR: To comply with your request is a painful task; but I will repress my feeling while I endeavor to furnish you with an enumeration of such particulars relative to the melancholy end of our beloved friend Hamilton, as dwell most forcibly on my recollection.

When called to him upon receiving the fatal wound, I found him half sitting on the ground, supported in the arms of Mr. Pendleton. His countenance of death I shall never forget. He had at that instant just strength to say, "this is a mortal wound, doctor," when he sunk away, and became to all appearances lifeless. I immediately stripped up his clothes, and soon, alas! ascertained that the direction of the ball must have been through some vital part. His pulses were not to be felt, his respiration was entirely suspended, and, upon laying my hand on his heart and perceiving no motion there, I considered him as irrecoverably gone. I, however, observed to Mr. Pendleton, that the only chance for his reviving was immediately to get him upon water. We therefore lifted him up and carried him out of the wood to the margin of the bank, where the bargemen aided us in conveying him to the boat, and immediately put off. During all this time I could not discover the least symptom of returning life. I now rubbed his face, lips, and temples with spirits of hartshorn, applied it to his neck and breast, and to the wrists and palms of his hands, and endeavored to pour some into his mouth. When we had got, as I should judge, about fifty yards from the shore, some imperfect efforts to breathe were, for the first time, manifest; in a few minutes he sighed and became sensible to the impression of the hartshorn or the fresh air of the water. He breathed; his eyes, hardly open, wandered, without fixing upon any object; to our great joy, he at length spoke. "My vision is indistinct," were his first words. His pulse became more perceptible, his respiration more regular, his sight returned. I then examined the wound to know if there was any dangerous discharge of blood; upon slightly pressing his side it gave him pain, on which I desisted. Soon after recovering his sight he happened to cast his eye upon the case of pistols, and observing the one that he had in his hand lying on the outside, he said, "take care of that pistol, it is undischarged, and still cocked, it may go off and do harm." Pendleton knows" (attempting to turn his head towards him) "that I did not intend to fire at him."

"Yes," said Mr. Pendleton, understanding his wish, "I have already made Dr. Hosack acquainted with your determination as to that." He then closed his eyes and remained calm, without any disposition to speak; nor did he say much afterwards, except in reply to my question. He asked me once or twice how I found his pulse; and he informed me that his lower extremities had lost all feeling, manifesting to me that he entertained no hopes that he should long survive.

I changed the posture of his limbs, but to no purpose; they had entirely lost their sensibility. Perceiving that we approached the shore, he said, "let Mrs. Hamilton be immediately sent for; let the event be gradually broken to her, but give her hopes." Looking up we saw his friend, Mr. Bayard, standing on the wharf in great agitation. He had been told by his servant that General Hamilton, Mr. Pendleton and myself, had crossed the river in a boat together, and too well he conjectured the fatal errand; and forbode the dreadful result.

Perceiving as we came nearer, that Mr. Pendleton and myself, only sat up in the stern sheets, he clasped his hands together in the most violent apprehension, but when I called to him to have a cot prepared, and he at the same moment saw his poor friend lying in the bottom of the boat, he threw up his eyes and burst into a flood of tears and lamentation.—Hamilton alone appeared tranquil and composed. We then conveyed him as tenderly as possible up to the house. The distresses of the amiable family were such that, till the first shock was abated, they were scarcely able to summon fortitude enough to yield sufficient assistance to their dying friend.

Upon our reaching the house, he became more languid, occasioned probably by the agitation of his removal from the boat. I gave him a little weak wine and water. When he recovered his feelings, he complained of a pain in his back; we immediately undressed him, laid him in a bed, and darkened the room; I then gave him a large anodyne, which I frequently repeated. During the first day, he took upward of an ounce of laudanum; and tepid anodyne, fomentations, were also applied to those parts nearest the seat of his pain. Yet were his sufferings during the whole of the day almost intolerable. I had not the shadow of a hope of his recovery; and Dr. Post, whom I requested might be sent for immediately on our reaching Mr. Bayard's house, united with me in this opinion. Gen. Rey, the French consul, also had the goodness to invite the surgeons of the French frigates in our harbor, as they had much experience in gunshot wounds, to render their assistance. They immediately came; but to prevent his being disturbed, I stated to them his situation, described the nature of the wound, and the direction of the ball, with all the symptoms that could enable them to form an opinion as to the event. One of the gentlemen then accompanied me to the bedside. The result was a confirmation of the opinion that had already been expressed by Dr. Post and myself.

During the night he had some imperfect sleep, but the succeeding morning his symptoms were aggravated, attended, however, with a diminution of pain. His mind retained all its usual strength and composure. The great source of his anxiety seemed to be in his sympathy with his half-distracted wife and children. He spoke to me frequently of them—"My beloved wife and children" were always his expressions. But his fortitude triumphed over his situation, dreadful as it was; once, indeed, at the sight of his children, brought to the bedside together, seven in number, his utterance forsook him; he opened his eyes, gave them one look, and closed them again till they were taken away.

As a proof of his extraordinary composure of mind, let me add, that he alone could calm the frantic grief of their mother. "Remember, my Eliza, you are a Christian," were the expressions with which he frequently, with a firm voice, but in a pathetic and impressive manner, addressed her. His words, and the tone in which they were uttered, will never be effaced from my memory. About two o'clock, the public well knows, he expired—

"Incorrupta fides—nudaque veritas
Quoada ulum invenient parem?
Multis ille quidem fletibus occidit."
Your friend and humble servant,
DAVID HOSACK.

The impression which the death of General Hamilton made on every class of people in the city of New York, is best described by simply remarking, that all party distinctions were lost in the general sentiment of respect expressed for the illustrious dead. On Wednesday morning, the 4th of July, 1804, the parties met; on Thursday, the 12th, General Hamilton died; and on Saturday, the 14th he was interred, with military honors, "the Society of the Cincinnati being charged with the direction of the funeral ceremonies of its president general. About noon, the different bodies forming the procession took their respective places. The body was conducted from the house of his brother-in-law, John B. Church, Esq., to Trinity Church, where an appropriate oration was delivered by the Hon. Gouverneur Morris.

† As his habit was delicate, and he had been lately rendered more feeble by ill health, particularly by a disorder of the stomach and bowels; I carefully avoided all those remedies which are usually indicated on such occasions.

BLANNERHASSET.

A travelling correspondent of the Philadelphia Herald furnishes the following particulars of Blannerhasset and his accomplished lady:

A few miles below Marietta we passed Blannerhasset's Island. We ran under the lee of it some distance, but the thick wood of the river obstructs any view of the interior. We saw no trace of the beautiful mansion of Blannerhasset, except a chimney at the north end of the island, which was all that escaped the fire in which that dwelling had consumed. I hear, however, that the beautiful shrubbery still lives on the island, which was planted by Blannerhasset, and that many of the walks he laid out are yet open.

Blannerhasset was one of the Irish patriots who were compelled to flee from Ireland after their attempt to liberate themselves from the thralldom of England. He was possessed of a large amount of property, the greater part of which he was fortunate enough to render available in money before his departure. Disgusted with the corruption of courts and the turmoil of politics, he sought retirement in the western wilderness, on a beautiful island in the Ohio, then

on the borders of civilization. He built a princely mansion on it, and embellished it in the most costly manner. Situated on the borders of Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio, he had access to very refined society, with which it was his custom constantly to intermingle and exchange civilities.

His hospitality was unbounded, and dealt out as it was by his own chivalric courtesy and the grace of his wife, his island became the general visit for all the country around, and is even yet celebrated for the splendid reveries and entertainments of which it was the scene. Blannerhasset was a fine sample of the polished Irish gentleman, and rendered himself a very affectionate object of regard by the amenity of his manners and disposition.

His lady was a woman of rare beauty and accomplishments, which were heightened by a pure and unimpeachable character. She reigned the Queen of this beautiful kingdom of taste and refinement, which Blannerhasset had created on the Ohio; and according to contemporary accounts, she deported herself with a grace and dignity that might have become a throne. She was a woman of high spirit and ambition, and when Burr, aware of her commanding influence over her husband, confidently entrusted her with his plans of Mexican dominion; she was fired at the boldness and intrepidity of his enterprise, and immediately determined to engage her husband as a confederate. Blannerhasset was a man of ductile temper, and was easily induced, by the dazzling representation of prospective glory and honor, which his ambitious wife set before him, to become a participant with Burr. He was, moreover, a liberalist of the French school, of which Mr. Burr was well aware. The gorgeous representation which Burr held up to him of Mexico, redeemed from tyranny by their united efforts, fired his soul, and he entered with enthusiasm into what he believed an honorable and humane undertaking. When once pledged to Burr, under the mastering genius of his wife, he actively engaged in enlisting men, building boats, and preparing the essentials of his expedition.

Many of the most respectable citizens of the neighbouring country were connected with the affair, all deluded in the same manner as Blannerhasset. The entertainments on the island were broken up, and its shores echoed only to the muffled oar of the conspirators, as they crossed from the adjacent bank, or to the silent tramp of bold adventurers, as they congregated on the beach to resolve and discuss their plans on Mexican redemption. A large number of flat boats had been built on the Muskingum, and sent over to the island, and everything was ripe for embarkation, when the plot was discovered to the public authorities by one of the accomplices. Blannerhasset was immediately deserted by his followers, and left alone to brunt the storm. Timothy Brual, commander of the militia, with a small detachment, went over to arrest Blannerhasset. He had hardly set foot on the island, before he was met by Mrs. Blannerhasset, whose spirit seemed to rise with increasing desperation of her fortune. She had seen the party coming, and snatching up a pair of her husband's pistols, she ran from the house, to meet them. Just as the militia major stepped out of the boat, she seized him by the shoulder, and thrusting him back, presented two formidable pistols full in his face, cocked and primed, commanding him, in the most positive tone not to advance; "one step forward, and I will send you into eternity; it is easier for me to do than to say it," were her words, according to my narrator, who was one of the party. Her splendid figure, drawn up to full height, her eye fixed with a stern and determined gaze, her hands clenching firmly the pistols which she held at arms length, told the militia major, in language not to be mistaken, the terms on which he might advance. The old fellow quailed and trembled before the courageous woman, and was forced to turn without his victim. Blannerhasset made his escape, and is now living with his wife in poverty in France.

He brought over to this country a large amount of money, part of which he invested in his island, but much the greatest part of which he loaned out to individuals living in the vicinity. Being forced to flee without delay from this country, to escape the indictments levied against him, he had no time to collect his debts. He left large amounts in the hands of individuals who have never returned him a cent. Many men near Marietta have grown rich on money of, but never returned to Blannerhasset. Would it not be an object of humanity and charity for Blannerhasset's debtors, now that they are made wealthy by his liberality, in his day of destitution and distress, to refund his money, and to raise him up from the want and wretchedness in which he is plunged to comfortable independence?

A Fair Offer.—Make, says Dr. Franklin, a full estimate of all you owe, and all that is owing to you. Reduce the same to a note. As fast as you collect, pay over to those you owe. If you cannot collect, renew your note every year, and get the best security you can. Go to business diligently, and be industrious; waste no idle moments; be very economical in all things; discard all pride, be faithful in your duty to God, by regular and hearty prayer morning and night; attend church and meeting regularly every Sunday and do unto all men as you would they should do unto you. If you are too needy in your circumstances to give to the poor, do whatever else is in your power for them, cheerfully; but if you can, always help the worthy poor and unfortunate. Pursue this course diligently for seven years; and if you are not happy, comfortable, and independent, in your circumstances, come to me and I will pay your debts.

Colds and Coughs.—At this season of the year, when coughs and colds are the order of the day, and scarce a family is to be found, some of whose members are not afflicted with them, the following remedy, communicated by a Russian, as the usual mode of getting rid of these complaints in that part of Russia from whence he came, is simple. It is no other than a strong tea of elder flowers, sweetened with honey, either fresh or dried, which may be bought at either of the herb shops. A basin of this tea is to be drunk as hot as possible after the person is warm in bed; it produces a strong perspiration, and a slight cold or cough yields to it immediately, but the most stubborn requires two or three repetitions.

From the Cincinnati Whig.

POLITICAL STATISTICS.

We copy the following names of the electors of President and Vice President, at the first election under the Constitution of the United States, from a new work now in the course of publication, entitled "POLITICAL STATISTICS, for the People."

The first Presidential election was held in 1789, at which time GEORGE WASHINGTON was unanimously chosen President, and JOHN ADAMS, Vice President, by a plurality, amounting to nearly a majority. The whole number of votes stood thus: George Washington, 69; John Adams, 34; Samuel Huntington, 2; John Jay, 9; John Hancock, 4; Robert H. Harrison, 6; George Clinton, 3; John Rutledge, 6; John Milton, 2; James Armstrong, 1; Edward Telfair, 1; and Benjamin Lincoln, 1.

Under the Constitution of the United States, as adopted, the person having the "greatest number of votes shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if there be more than one who have such a majority, and have an equal number of votes, then the House of Representatives shall immediately choose, by ballot, one of them for President; and if no person have a majority, then from the highest on the list, the said House shall in like manner choose the President. But in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote. A quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice. In every case after the choice of the President, the person having the greatest number of votes of the electors, shall be Vice President. But if there should remain two or more who have equal votes, the Senate shall choose from them by ballot the Vice President."

The contest which grew out of the Presidential canvass of 1801, when Thomas Jefferson had 73 votes, and Aaron Burr 73, in the electoral colleges, caused Congress to amend this part of the Constitution of the United States, so as to prevent a similar difficulty.

This section was repealed, or rather it was so altered, that in all elections that occurred from the passage of the amendment, "the electors were to meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot for President and Vice President, one of whom, at least, should not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves; they were to name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice President, and make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice President, and of the number of votes for each."

NAMES OF ELECTORS, IN 1790.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Benjamin Bellows,	Ebenezer Thompson,
John Pickering,	John Parker.
John Sullivan,	

MASSACHUSETTS.

Caleb Davis,	David Serall,
Samuel Phillips, jr.	Walter Spooner,
Francis Dana,	Moses Gill,
Samuel Henshaw,	William Cushing,
William Sever,	William Shepard.

CONNECTICUT.

Samuel Huntington,	Erasmus Wolcott,
Oliver Wolcott,	Thaddeus Burr,
Richard Law,	Jedediah Huntington.
Matthew Griswold,	

NEW JERSEY.

David Brearley,	David Moore,
James Kinsey,	John Rutherford,
John Neilson,	Mathias Ogden.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Edward Hand,	James Wilson,
George Gibson,	James O'Hara,
John Arnot,	David Grier,
Collinson Read,	Samuel Potts,
Lawrence Read,	Alexander Graydon.

DELAWARE.

Grumming Bedford,	George Mitchell.
John Bareing,	

MARYLAND.

John Rogers,	Phillip Thomas,
George Plater,	Robert Smith,
William Tighman,	William Richardson,
Alexander C. Hanson,	William Matthews.

VIRGINIA.

Patrick Henry,	W. Tinkburgh,
John Pridie,	Edward Stevens,
Zachariah Johnston,	Anthony Walker,
James Wood,	David Stuart,
John Harvie,	John Roane.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Christopher Gadsden,	Edward Rutledge,
Henry Laurens,	Arthur Simkins,
Charles C. Pinckney,	Thomas Heyward, jr.
John F. Grimke,	

GEORGIA.

George Handley,	John Wilson,
George Walton,	H. Osborne,
John King,	

Horrible of Horribles.—The Philadelphia Gazette says:

We have often rebuked the component blood, crime, and thunder, which modern playwrights infuse into dramatic productions in this country. But they are rather outdone abroad. We find in a number of Galligani's Paris Messenger, that Madame Caelia Georgiana Carolina Boeloe, of Stuttgart, has written a tragedy in five acts, which was performed for the first time on the 14th of November. The title of it is, Jacob Lynch—and it seems to have been written in strict accordance with the well known codex associated with that name. Among its incidents are reckoned three murders, a half committed suicide, one miracle, one rape, two deaths by poison, four spectral apparitions, two cases of incest, and a double denouement. Independent of these, there is a father who condemns his son to the scaffold, three abductions a *Fil d'Aïda*, a dream scene a la Richard III., several pinnings on the gale and take principle, with sundry other reminiscences, borrowed from the Greeks, the Romans, and the English dramatists!—This outdoes Kotzebue and Goethe.